

THE BRITISH WORKWOMAN.



out their despair, so much the sooner will their voices be heard at the convulsed conscience. If they look their strong young wings against their prison bars until they are broken, or, in some cases, will they be released to shew themselves. If they labour their heads to commence, so much the easier will it be to manage them.

Poem must ring within these concert walls. And ask no questions as to what that peace is like, nor whom it applies to. But to your children's eyes such words as "aptly" and "daylight." Mr Martin Luther did not blot them out; he read them in the highest print, he read other words too—Dr. Watts's lines in a language of his own—

"Some hands so much will
For little hands to do."

And therefore Martin Luther took the pulpit—no, rather—on his feet and walked to do that. He could move calmly, quietly, steadily enough as there it appeared right and wise and just to do so. But in this business—well, his hands were very powerful, that was true enough, especially when they had a pen in them—but he thrum his whole weight into the business. He sang himself against those dangerous notes, but then spun, and let the captive run.

They a few more, but they play with anti-Reformation sense, and words and ways. Men and women do forget they do not consider—the denial, dignity, restraint—aye, even horrors—facts that he holds every waking time. From the shillaboo of the Ails of sugar between the boss of a cage. Well for them, indeed, that Martin Luther loved, and struggled and mistand fought against the craft and cunning and subtlety, at intervals, to grasp the Bible, throw them within the prison, and smit the door upon them for ever.

It may be true enough that this whole world is but the land of our captivity. Let it be so, let it be as much. But let it be doubtful that Luther and his brethren have at least for us this liberty of liberty—thus we sit with the captive daughters of Sin in the flowing waters, the rattle of the willow over our heads in a row of trees, and the wind sweeps several eyes gleaming on the dark, soft purple of the starlit sky, coming of Almighty justice tempered with the Divine mercy.

Four hundred years ago, November 1583, the great, uninvited Reformation was born, and it is so now, because from Heaven in this generation that thanks to the Spirit's grace in man's hearts to give God, there is His gift of this agents of liberty and truth.

"The truth shall make you free."

Some of you, perhaps, who, even as you read, are feeling well-nigh, even and so, the "hand and feet of the day," seek first—

"At will, thus beyond time of the Dark Ages and all enough in health. That still—well, there is a good deal of wisdom, and reflecting, and so on, and disappointment, for as in the world, to be born and out of freedom."

This is true enough, but sometimes "You will meet with no one who will dispute it. But those who are heavily weighted would show small amount of wisdom, if they voluntarily admit that such be those they were already nailed upon to bear."

You remember David's choice between the three punishments at one time presented to him by God:

"And David said unto God, I am in a great strait: let me fall now into the hands of the Lord; for His mercies are great: and let me not fall into the hands of men."

When folks, in the anti-Reformation days, ran away from troubles and persecutions to countries, they reversed this definition of this "man after God's own heart." They tried to run away from the hands of the Lord, who doth not willingly suffer the children of men, and actually three hundred and fifty thousand of those who, as Luther very wisely showed, look ahead thought in turning minds, souls, bodies, and their virtues to be about to escape, mistakes, and must stand dead.

Martin Luther pulled down the walls between us and our Father's face, and man's heart, and unity hanging up throughout the passing years, for at least twenty centuries before he rose down with his broken hands, and let in the light of the day, the day of Heaven, upon the "hand of the Lord of lords," who had taken up their lives in the house of God.

I read a poem on Luther in the Book some time

ago, which impressed me much for its simple beauty. It was written by a Dutchman, we are told, in 1544, and it strikes the keynote of the work—a few lines or so almost days sometimes will need to be done over again—

"Oh! that the soul of Luther
Were on the earth again!
The mighty soul, whose noble faith
Burst ancient error's chain,
And dashed the reign of the old world
Through superstition's veil,
Till the bright sun of truth began to shine,
Awoke in Christ's own light."
"Oh! that the soul of Luther
Were in the earth once more,
And his mighty faith in the Word of Truth
These floods of light to pour."

Little more than two years before these verses were written the same note had been struck by Henry Stubbins, in his "History of the Church," 1812—

"Luther could outstep things but under one aspect, his heart was wholly given up to the grand design which he began his career as a minister of God. He sought but one object—the full and free diffusion of heavenly truth."
"Over there in the full diffusion, we may be very sure that not woman only, but the whole creation, will in the enjoyment of all possible rights, can lead to the perfection of justice and true happiness."

O. S.

When the Tide Turned.

By EMMA MARSHALL,
Author of "Deypping," "Little and Good," "Life's Adventure," &c. &c.

CHAPTER XIV.

PEACE.

"I had less a day of great excitement in our house, from my then three-year-old little Ceely to Abigail, my true and loyal hands."

On my dear father's death, some sixteen years before, she had come to the rectory and made her home with me; first as an attendant on dear Miss Goodlake, who remained with us till she died, and then as dear friend and nurse of my little daughter.

Yes, the rectory was my home. My husband had succeeded to the living on the old parson's death, and had then come to me with the offer of himself and all he possessed.

"A wife's voice awoke to be his partner, but I will run up the whole matter in my mind. He was Thomas, the gift of that day, so, as to the whole district and neighbourhood of Gainsborough-Wald."

My husband was made Dean of Leicester, and carried his influence for good there for three months in the year. But we all loved my little rectory far better than the cold stoneman's house, though I was glad to take my girls there for many advantages over a year, which my "Ceely" could not provide for them.

We had five little daughters, but no son, though I had five senses to feel the want of one that my dear husband was bound to have in all ages, and his mother, and the time came, a time to which my story does not reach, when he was my son, bound by the closest ties as the husband of my Theodore.

As I said, that time was far off. On this day when we were all assembled, I remembered to do homage to our boy's coming of age.

There were no vacant places then at Gainsborough-Madness, and I had to go to London to see the vicar and cold reply of past days were yielding.

"The stone of Wealth are found in Russia, and health, good sense, and common sense in Gainsborough's town. It is a common saying of Gainsborough's people, and so it is pointed to some of our people." (1877.)

Philip was still more or less of an invalid, but full of ardour for the good of earth, and ever ready to do dear and loyal friend. Adelaide, now a very fine woman and lady, had surely a time left of the terrible complaint which she carried her body in early youth. She was unmarried—not because she had never been chosen by any man fit to be his wife for she might have had a good one, and again—But I think the year left by the Dutch count's false professions of love never really lasted, and instead of being ready to trust any man, she was ready to love like me, but the true and faithful love of one more adorable doubtless, and the want of faith in her first love made her a wary of faith in others. No one ever came out of a day of their own temptations, though her whole nature was degraded and refined by Him who sits as the Great Ruler and Purifier of the stars.

The shadows of the long summer evenings were lengthening when I strolled alone to a seat in the Gainsborough plantations, which had always been a favourite resort of mine. It was an old-fashioned seat painted white, which we used to sit in the west country, westward. It formed on a grass, and being half enclosed it was easy to be protected from the wind from whichever quarter it was blowing. There was no wind this evening. The great end of the day is a time of surprise under a cloudless sky. From my seat I could see a wide range of blue-crested water and a long stretch of sand-bills, taking the golden showers from the shining sun—such as is seen in the picture of the East. Dreams was to the left, and here a great change had been wrought. The old house was now a mass of ruins, and the old and strange had taken their place. There was a building tower larger than the rest, the roof of which was just visible, where my husband had a service every Sunday, and which was used in the work by Adelaide and Philip for mothers' and children's meetings, and school.

The people were rough some still, no doubt, but when the fearful storms raged along the coast, and the giant billows dashed the ships upon the sand banks of Lewis head, there were brave at hand, who did not make it their business as of old to get all they could from the wreck, regardless of the lives of those who were in the power of the waves. They had their boat to save life and property, and to see that the dead were treated with reverence and respect.

My thoughts went back to the day when I was at the turn of the tide, the baby had been washed ashore, whom I had to-day seen, in all the strength and beauty of a young manhood, visiting his friends and neighbours with a kindly word for all—rich and poor.

There was a weakness in Christopher that was seen in his childhood for all his other powers were weak or seemed to wend less in my way. Yes, I thought, "the boy" was fulfilled every promise of his childhood, and my whole heart went up in thankfulness to God for all His great goodness to me. Now and then the soil of happy voices came from the ground, and a variety of amusements were provided, and I was just thinking that I had advanced myself long enough from the party, when I heard a quick cry to the plantation below me, and looking out of my window, I saw Christopher.

"I thought I should find you here," he said, "you dear mother, but I don't spare you my tongue. They are just going to sit down under the tree in the large hall, and I must have you with us."

I rose, and put my hand through his arms, and

"Is little Ceely gone home with old Abigail yet? Is getting home for them?"

"Yes, she is quite happy and quite good, let her stay to see the brewer's and apple good, let me be much disappointed. Theodore said you would not mind—to please me, you know on my behalf."

"Ah! Christopher, I would have said to do what I said to please you. I am so proud and happy to do you, dear."

"I am glad you are," he said, "because I do not see much, you will not think I do not feel it all I see you, and I never forget it."

"Christianity," he said, "quite well, I think it is great and bright to be to you to-day, we have need to our boy in all times of our world."

"I know it, he said, quite well, and I do not get to your feet, even most of the time."

As we walked towards the house through the plantation, we met my two eldest girls, Theodora and Lena, with their father and Philip.

They all rebuked me for hitting away from them. And said I must come at once to the tent. We left them all here, and Philip came home along with me.

There was no shadow on his dear face. The sweet manifestations of his life was written there. From the first he had loved his little nephew, and now in the prime and glory of his strong young manhood, there was no secret trace of envy to mar his pleasure.

Philip had won many victories over self, and the laurels won by the conquest were upon his brow; in answer perhaps by another eye, but seen and known and marred by Him in whose strength he was more than conqueror.

"Every one has been happy to-day, Letta," he said, "I do not think there has been one dissatisfied spirit. How much of this we owe to you, and to him who is rightly named Theodore, for truly he was the gift of God to us."

"Ah, yet my heart says Amen to that, dear Philip." And then, in the stillness of the mid-morning evening, we walked slowly towards the house.

It is all passed away now, the years have long added to the years, and the half century is counted out, but as the veil falls over the trials and the joys of those fifty years, the bright places stand out in the panorama of God's love—as the mountain peaks catch the light and cast rays of the living and working sun.

Mum is setting out, but the mist of the evening is sad and sweet, and I know when my time comes, and I go out with the tears of the field, I shall, by the mercy of the Unerring Guide, have rest in the haven where I would be, and where many of my beloved ones have been sheltered and long ago.

xxx.

The labourer who wears out all his powers in the machinery of his work, and takes no part in its thought or imagination, and the thinker who wears out his brain before his time, and has no part in the practical activity of his life, has such but much of the pleasure that rightly belongs to them. They may not be conscious of it, but it is none the less true that the health, happiness, and real effectiveness of every man can be gained only by the harmonious union of labour and thought.

Thoughts on the Life of St. Peter.

xxx.

St. Peter's Epistles.
Piousness Christ, I Pk. II. S. Piousness Promises,
2 Pk. I. 4.

ALL through Peter's life from the first time he came to Christ, even though he sinned and fell more than once, he seems undoubtedly to have loved his Lord. That love passed on to another very dark cloud, when Peter denied Christ, but the Lord brought His poor disciple's love through that cloud, out into the light again, and just as a forgiven sinner clings to his mother with a

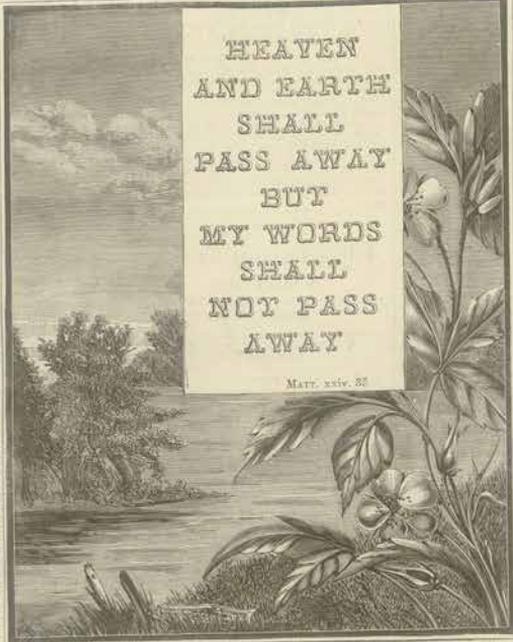
new sense of love, so did Peter to his Lord. Peter then of all men had a right to say of his Master, He is "precious." And this was no mere talk with St. Peter. It was really. Love is not felt till it is in prison and at last to a martyr's death. His love was to give up all for Christ's sake. The Lord's possession of which he was willing to part with all he had, as the "merchant man" in the parable (St. Matt. xiii. 45, 46). This was just how St. Paul also felt: "I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord, for whom I have suffered the loss of all things" (Phil. iii. 7, 9). St. Paul had learnt to feel that there was nothing in the world so much worth having as Christ. His

not that friend more to you than he could be to his brother? Suppose your friend had even risked his life for you, would not such a love make a mark on your heart for ever? Christ did not die for angels, but for men he poured out His life-blood. O how not all—there is such more. This is only one side of His character. Christ is not only a Saviour; He is also a Friend and Comforter. His heart is open to all who know Him. He said, "There is friendship there. Among the Lord's last words to His disciples are these blessed ones: 'Ye shall know what his love is, for he will love you as I have loved you' (St. John xv. 14, 15). May we not well prize to ourselves Christ's own question, "What think ye of Christ?"

Is Christ precious to me as my Saviour, precious to me as my Friend? Lastly, St. Peter speaks of "Precious Promises" (3 Pk. I. 4). No promise on earth is worth anything unless we can trust the man who makes it. It may sound fair enough, but if we have to say, concerning the promise that he is a man who does not keep his word, or what value will the promise be? None at all. Before considering the promises that Peter speaks of, we have been considering the Promises, and have therefore begun at the true beginning, because Christ is what He is, every promise He has made is like a rock.

"The grass withereth, the flower fadeeth, but the word of our God shall stand for ever" (1 Pk. I. 24, 25) — "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my word shall not pass away" (Matt. xxiv. 35). This is one of St. Peter's chief reasons for writing of God's promises as "precious." They could not be "precious" if they were not firm—they could not be "precious" if Christ would not keep His word. St. Paul writes honestly of this: "All the promises of God are yea and amen in Christ Jesus" (2 Cor. I. 20). Christ's name is the Amen.

—His name is not to every promise; if my own as it were in possession of a cheque for a large sum of money, that has no signature, we might take it where we would, but we should find it for use—it would cash it for us—it would be a worthless cheque. Every promise of God is as a cheque fully signed—Christ's name is set to it, so that we may just take it to God and remain Him of His word, and He will fulfil His word. But what are some of these precious promises? It would be impossible to do so at one half of them. How many times in the Bible do we read God's "I will." We read it concerning rest for weary souls (St. Matt. xi. 28). We read it concerning the new heart, and concerning the blessed gift of the Holy Spirit, in our sweet cluster of promises in Ezek. xxxvii. 26-27. How many times in the Bible do we read God's "I will." We read it in Ps. xii, in which God has given a promise indeed, by promise to them that believe on Him. What shall we say also of the "precious promise" that concerns our prayer, by which God would encourage even the feeble faith to be upon Him in perfect trust? To sum up, concerning God's promises of life everlasting, concerning which St. Paul has written, "In hope of eternal life, which God, that cannot lie, promised before the world was"



Matt. xxiv. 35

did not always think so. He was at one time bitterly opposed to Christ; all the more bitter perhaps because of those "pricks" he received (Acts ix. 4). Opposition is often more hopeful than indifference. There is life when there is opposition, and when the breath of the Holy Spirit makes the life new life, the latter opposition becomes earnest love as in St. Paul's case. Paul would echo Christ's words of the Lord, "He is precious." Christ is precious to God. Then from Heaven the voice of the Father came saying "This is my beloved Son" (St. Matt. iii. 17 and xvi. 13). Christ is precious to the angels. How they sang in His birth and rejoiced to minister to Him after His temptation, and in the yet darker hour of Gethsemane. Angels sat in His empty tomb, and watched His triumphant ascension to His Father's right hand. But Christ is more precious to men and women who believe in Him than they can be to angels—and why? If you have a friend who has done some great act for you, some great kindness that you feel you can never repay, is

(TUES. 1. 2.) May not St. Peter well write of "precious promises"? Whoever may be the trouble or difficulty that a Christian may have, there will always be one of God's promises that will just suit his case. There are promises for life, and Christian for death. If a "precious Christ" is our own Saviour, all His "precious promises" are our portion. M. E.

What Paddy Gabe.

CHAPTER I.

NOVEMBER afternoon in the streets of Dublin. Overcast nothing to be seen but an expanse of grey sky, rain having fallen all the morning, nothing underfoot but slush and mud.

Away down the streets the lamps just beginning to be lit glowed like yellow balls in the fog, and then came steadily down the teams with their jangling bells—green, yellow, red lights all meeting down by Nelson's pillar. Cabs driven by wretchedly dressed cabmen rattled down the streets, hand-carrages with warmly dressed men before, ladies inside passed swiftly to and fro, omnibus cars there were few—they being at a discount in such weather. Down by the quay there was the usual stir and bustle by the side of the black Liffey, and against the grey sky rose the tall masts of the shipping, and far in the distance just one little ray of golden light which alone told the tale of the sun-setting.

Down by Eden quay a small boy lingered about, apparently waiting for somebody or somebody. Mr. Paddy Flinn was thirteen, a small stumpy boy with rough red hair, a face that was thin and sharp, big volucry brown eyes, and just the sweetest smile imaginable lighting up his face every now and then. It was lightning it up at that moment as an old woman picking her way across the quay, let a parcel drop and Paddy snatched it up and gave it in her. It was a face you could hardly help noticing, plain as it was, almost ugly but for the pathetic brown eyes and the smile that would have beautified any face. Paddy was an orphan, and here he managed to support himself on one knee. The big policeman whose tent was that direction knew him well, but strangely enough they never told him to "move on," and if they did think he had no business loitering about they kept their opinions to themselves.

Looking about was just what Paddy always did. He managed to get employment running errands sometimes, or carrying things for passengers to and from the boats; at night he had generally money enough to get a shabby-dun somewhere, generally in the "Liffey," as the book-stalls of Dublin are called. Here he lodged when he could afford it, with a poor old newspaper man, who let him have a dry corner of his room for three halpennies. The landlord was often worse of than his young lodger, and Paddy was at times of service to him. When the old man was a prisoner in his room, for instance,

from rheumatism, Paddy, always willing, would sell the newspapers in the street for him, and bring him the proceeds correct to a halpenny. He could read and write and went regularly to a Sunday-school for ragged boys. His teacher was a young lady whose heart was in her work, but she could not look her scholars up in the week as she was employed herself as daily governess. From her Paddy learnt to honour and love God and he served him truly and loyally.

Ah, friends, you little know how sorely tempted Paddy was often and often to act against his conscience to do that he knew to be wrong. It was no easy life for him.

Just think of it for a moment and try and fancy what it must have been to be hungry, eye desperately hungry, and to see a baker's shop with bread lying so near that it could be snatched in a moment

The noise of the cars and cabs, the murmur of the great city he did not hear, he did not feel the cold wind blowing through his patched clothes and lifting his hair around his ears—he was away to imagination dwelling on the past morning which had been very unusual.

He had run an errand for one lady that morning to the Broodtime terminus, and there an old gentleman with a very shabby coat and long grey hair and sparkling blue eyes had called him.

"I say, youngster—can you carry a bag for me, I am going to the Shillonee."

"Sure I will, yer honour—would it currafeely too?" and Paddy, taking the gentleman's bag, his hand and spoke.

The old gentleman released all offers of cabs but opened a large umbrella and walked on, Paddy walking by his side.

"What is that you are singing?" asked the old gentleman.

"Singing, yer honour—was I singing?" said Paddy, who was accustomed to whideaway many an hour or to cheer himself while at his work by singing. He had no idea of the extreme beauty of his voice which was clear as a lark's and had some exquisite notes in it, untrained as it was.

"To be sure you were singing, boy," said the old gentleman.

"I didn't know I was, yer honour. I sing sometimes, but I didn't know I was raised to tune this Shore I bag yer honour's pardon."

"Don't blame my pardon, if you please," said the old gentleman rather hoarsely, "but at times you sound under my umbrella."

Paddy stared. He thought the old gentleman was crazy. However, he obeyed, and in a bye-street Mr. Newell, that was his name—stood under the doorway of a house to let, and Paddy came to his side.

The two stood there with the big umbrella hovering off the rain, which drove in under it.

"Now sing, if you please."

Paddy's varied experience of life had never included anything of this kind, but having the inherent love of honour that is in nearly all Irish people, he thought it rather a joke.

"What'll I sing, please?"

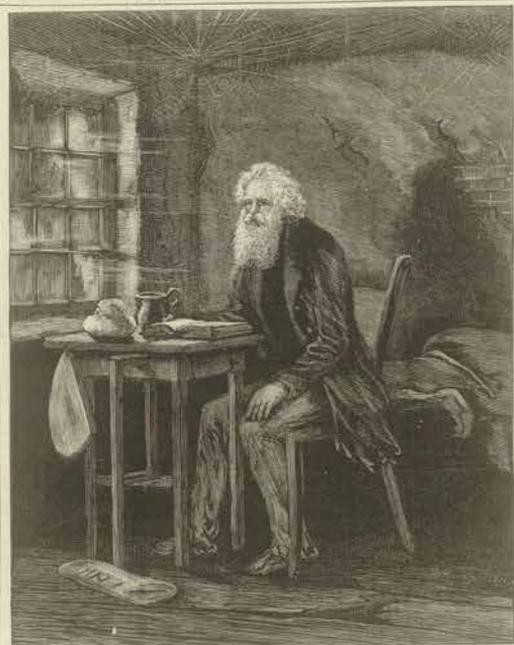
"How am I to know?" said Mr. Newell, "and what do I care? I want to hear your voice."

Paddy thought the joke rather than woe, but he began at once, and sang something he had heard

in sketch, part of Mrs. Robinson's contraltos of "God is Love."

Mr. Newell's face lost all its cross expression as he bent his head and listened while Paddy's clear voice rang through the street, and then his face was lighted up with a most divine expression.

Then they started off again, and Mr. Newell told him that he was very anxious to find a voice like his for the choir of a church in Scotland of which he was organist, and that he must come to him again in a week, and let him try his voice. If it suited Mr. Newell would take him over, and place him in it at this expressly for choristers. A lady there had lately lost her boy, whose voice was like Paddy's, and in memory of him she was going to set up a choir, and Paddy was to be one of it. Two had been already selected,



A POOR OLD NEWSPAPER MAN.—See Page 62.

and made off with by anyone as agile as Paddy was. To feel it tempting, surely and to resist? To go off hungry to bed rather than break God's law which he asked so earnestly to be able to keep.

Tempted too to swear and use bad language which he hated, all round him. It would have been so natural to pick it up and use it but Paddy knew it was wrong and he asked to be kept pure and unspotted as he went his daily way. It was a dreary life for the child but still it had its gleams of brightness coming now and then besides the happiness of heaven which he felt at serving and loving God.

That day something very wonderful had happened, so wonderful that Paddy could not realize it at all, but he sat down on an old cask by the river and thought it all over.

